

# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 231.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

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## MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, whose litigiousness we offer our readers for the only known photograph in existence, has thus far been the most prominent volunteer officer since the President's proclamation of April 15. His energy, activity, and perseverance in opening a way of communication with Washington, at a time when the capital seemed cut off by events at Baltimore, have been well known to the public, and have won from the Administration the highest encomiums.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Ciley—one of

the first Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Ciley, who was killed in the duel with Graves of Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devotes himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel. Many anecdotes are told of him in Massachusetts illustrating what we have said. His forte is in the *trial* of cases. It is said that he has tried more jury cases for the last ten years than any other lawyer in the United States.

But aside from the law, he has on more than one occasion manifested coolness and intrepidity under trying circumstances. As an instance of this we may mention the memorable incident which took place in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1856. It was during the Presidential contest, and Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens. The largest hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the very went forth. "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprang up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgiving he would go with the architect and examine the building.—An immediate investigation showed that the

edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and possession that the catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that blandly fell, *sotto voce*, from Mr. Butler, viz., "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in h—l in five minutes!"

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1843, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Mid-dieses in 1859–60. In May, 1860, he was sen-

atorial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction and upon his return was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Butler was a single man; but this is a mistake, for a number of years ago he married a daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Lowell, and has a family of children.

The correspondent of the *Advertiser*, under date of May 16, thus described the performance of General Butler in the war now begun:

"General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

"The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Anapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made Gen. Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and, with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeysville, within 15 miles of Baltimore three weeks ago reach the city or afford him any support.

This is history; and truly Gen. Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

"The President, the Secretary of War, General Scott, all applaud the man, and acknowledge the services which he and the officers and men under him have rendered, and this very day.

**MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]**





a simple consideration of consequences for other nations to determine whether they will acknowledge the new Government. But if any nation does from the time the new one is trying to separate, it undertakes a war with that Government. If the steamer which arrives on Saturday should bring the news that England had recognized the rebellion in this country, the steamer which leaves on Wednesday would carry instructions to Mr. Adams instantly to withdraw from the English Court; and Great Britain would have to try her hand at thrashing us again.

#### "OUR OWN."

"W. H. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law," writes a letter to the *Mobile Register*, in which he says that he shall claim for himself "the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations in the journal which I have the honor to serve." Mr. Russell may claim what he chooses. But if his "convictions and observations" should lead him to the conclusion that a rebellion so wanton and wicked as this was never known, he should take good care that his amiable friends the rebels do not hear of him while he is still among them. Nothing but the imposing fact of an English fleet, and its unquestionable willingness to defend him as an English subject, would save him from the fate provided for all who do not treat a rebellion for the moment of purposes as if it were a rebellion for the highest.

#### A GENTLEMAN OF ENTIRE RELIABILITY.

It is to be hoped that the gentleman of entire reliability, who arrives every day from Virginia in Washington, and reports fifty thousand men assembled at various points, and General Beauregard at Richmond. On Tuesday this indefatigable traveler, who is perfectly reliable, has heard of the concentration of immense bodies of men at Culpeper Court House, and he has authentic intelligence that Gen. Beauregard is in Montgomery. On Wednesday, the gentleman of entire reliability comes in at full speed, and perfectly fresh from Virginia, and has seen vast numbers of troops moving about, at Harper's Ferry. On Thursday the inevitable reliability of the highest character and credibility—gentleman of the most reliable person—estimates that there are about six thousand troops at Richmond, and two or three Southwestern and as many Southern regiments, very hungry and furious somewhere in the State. And on Friday this invaluable gentleman arrives by the latest conveyance, and imports the most reliable information that there is any army of a hundred thousand men perfectly appointed marching rapidly upon Washington.

Now we submit that the gentleman of entire reliability, who has just arrived from Virginia, has fairly done his duty for the present campaign. There is one moral to be drawn from his entirely reliable but utterly conflicting reports, and that is, that the enemy manage their movements with remarkable secrecy, and that there is a large number of them in motion. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that the Commander-in-chief of the American army probably knows quite as much of the enemy's force and operations as the gentleman of entire reliability who commands his starting intelligence to our amiable fellow-men, whose function in life it is to furnish us every morning with the most exciting dispatches.

#### HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FINAL MISTAKE.—Fool-hardy buffoons sometimes attempt too much. They risk their necks as extraordinary acrobats, and turn out to be mere tumblers. The more checks a spendthrift receives, the faster he goes on.

"BAVING" THE HOUSE.—A gentleman traveling in a one-horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rested in the possession of a very intelligent Irish hostler. Handing the reins to his horse as he alighted, the traveler requested the man to "take his horse to the stable and bathe him."—"Sure an I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman, having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good case, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was panting and trembling, when the master of the house asked the traveler, "What have you been doing to him?"—"Only what yer honor ordered me,"—"Haven't you look as if he had any thing to eat?"—"Norra the word like it did yer honor say to me."—"More beoken your honor told me to bathe the beast, and no to sit him!"—"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing to him?"—"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then cut him out with m' sickle, and bathe him all m' arm was used out!"

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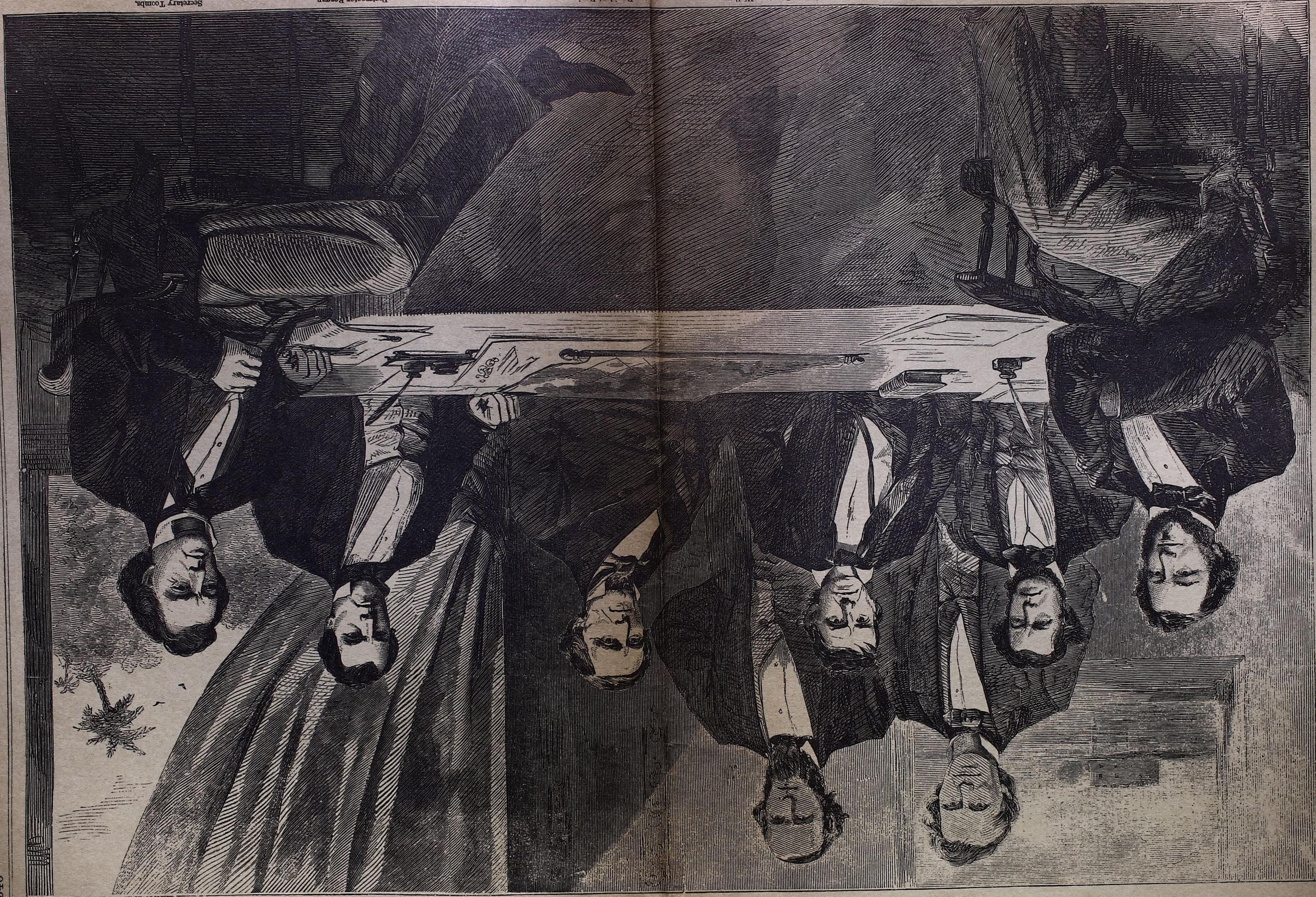
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY—A JUVENILE PARTY, 3 TILL 7.



and desperate trials of strength. "The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnitude of their attire. Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl, just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so every thing that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manœuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Among the ladies, she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries up stairs. Common-sense and prudence are

JUNE 1, 1861.

her most prominent characteristics; and in all affairs, my belief is she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to every thing rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the pride and the pomp of the earlier part of the afternoon has given way, in most cases to the high spirits and demonstrative behavior of the natural Juvenile. The sports and pastimes are raging, so to speak, and may be said to include dancing, and eating and drinking, blindman's-buff, (croaking) horse exercise, and music on the Penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, Jack-in-the-box, and no end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And, oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark!

In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion color of about the size of a six-pence. "What now what a change!" The most lovely lions, tigers, and griffins; with coats of such a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modeled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; ourselves that might challenge the criticism of a Landsseer; the inside constructed. I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Prof. Owen.

As I have endeavored with my pencil to show a few of the varieties to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here any thing like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few "representative" juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and among them the young lady, who considers herself no longer a juvenile, is not yet "out," so just condones to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and, is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growths. It is pleasant to see him bent double in the endeavor to teach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumping up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember how once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud puss who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy, who humbly asks if "he may have the pleasure," entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often want of years that is objected to in a partner. Then there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and every body else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortune is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken, but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the first lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: You hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after-life, and which is accompanied by a look of such happiness, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy forever afterward. Embodied by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young lady may be called "it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin—the whole

A JUVENILE PARTY—8 TILL 2.





FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

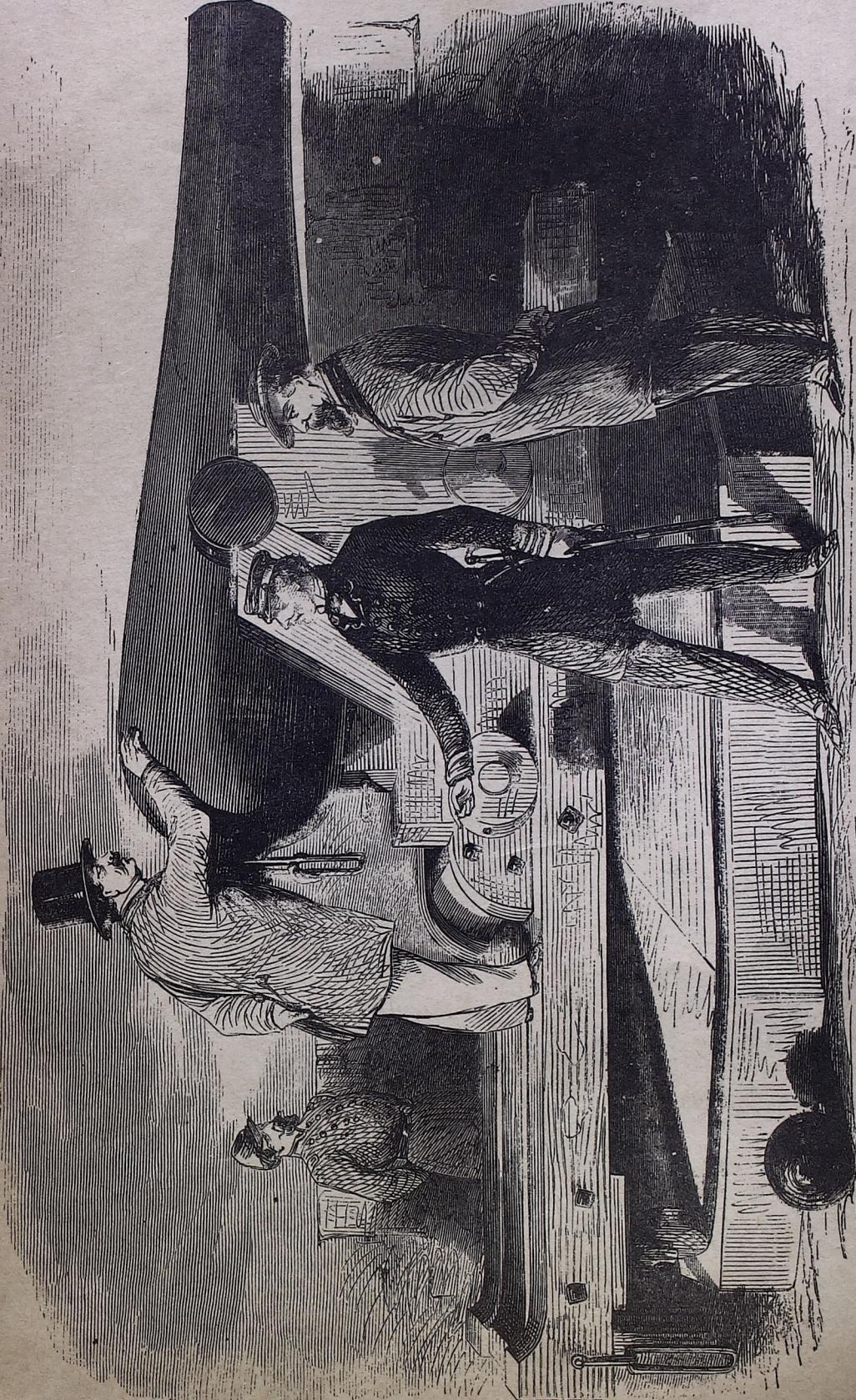
face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity and disposition at that early age to pique people in the ribs. Then the mouth struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so won't attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of want of point; others I can fancy saying they never

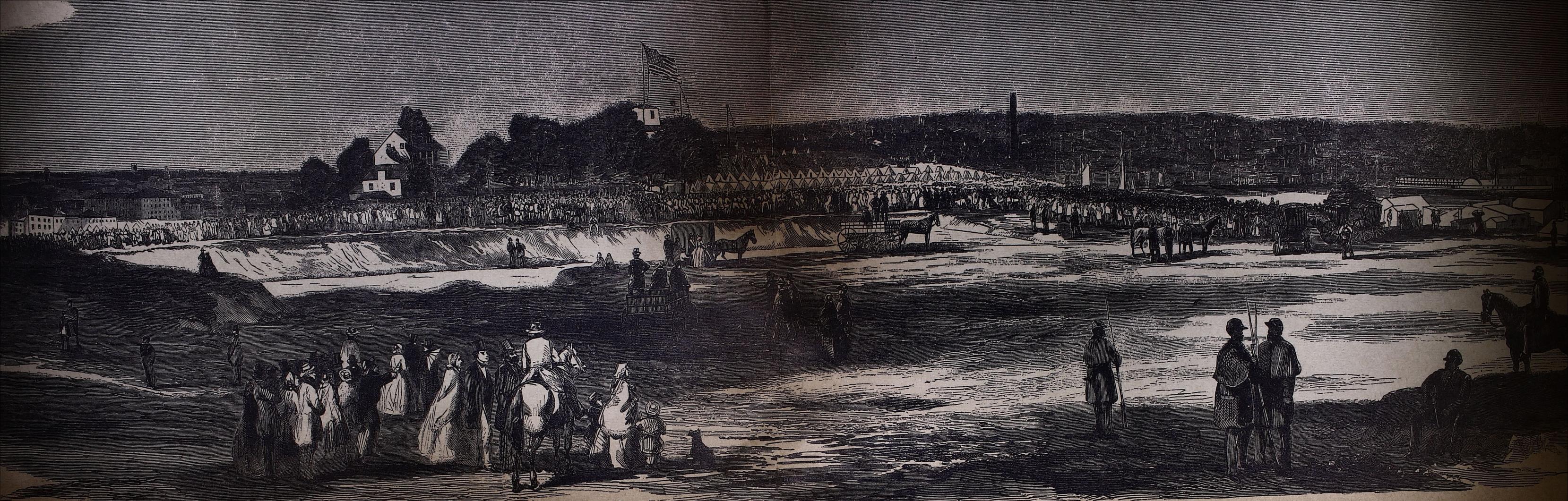
had a half from the fight; and in fact knew nothing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and were on the opposite side of the city—a mile and a half from the fight; and in fact knew nothing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined them. This you may rely on as being a correct statement of the case.

C. P. L.

companies that participated in the fight were Company C, Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, Company J, Light Infantry of Lawrence, Company D, City Guards of Lowell, and Company L, Light Infantry from Stoneham. There are eleven companies comprising the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and were on the opposite side of the city—a mile and a half from the fight; and in fact knew no

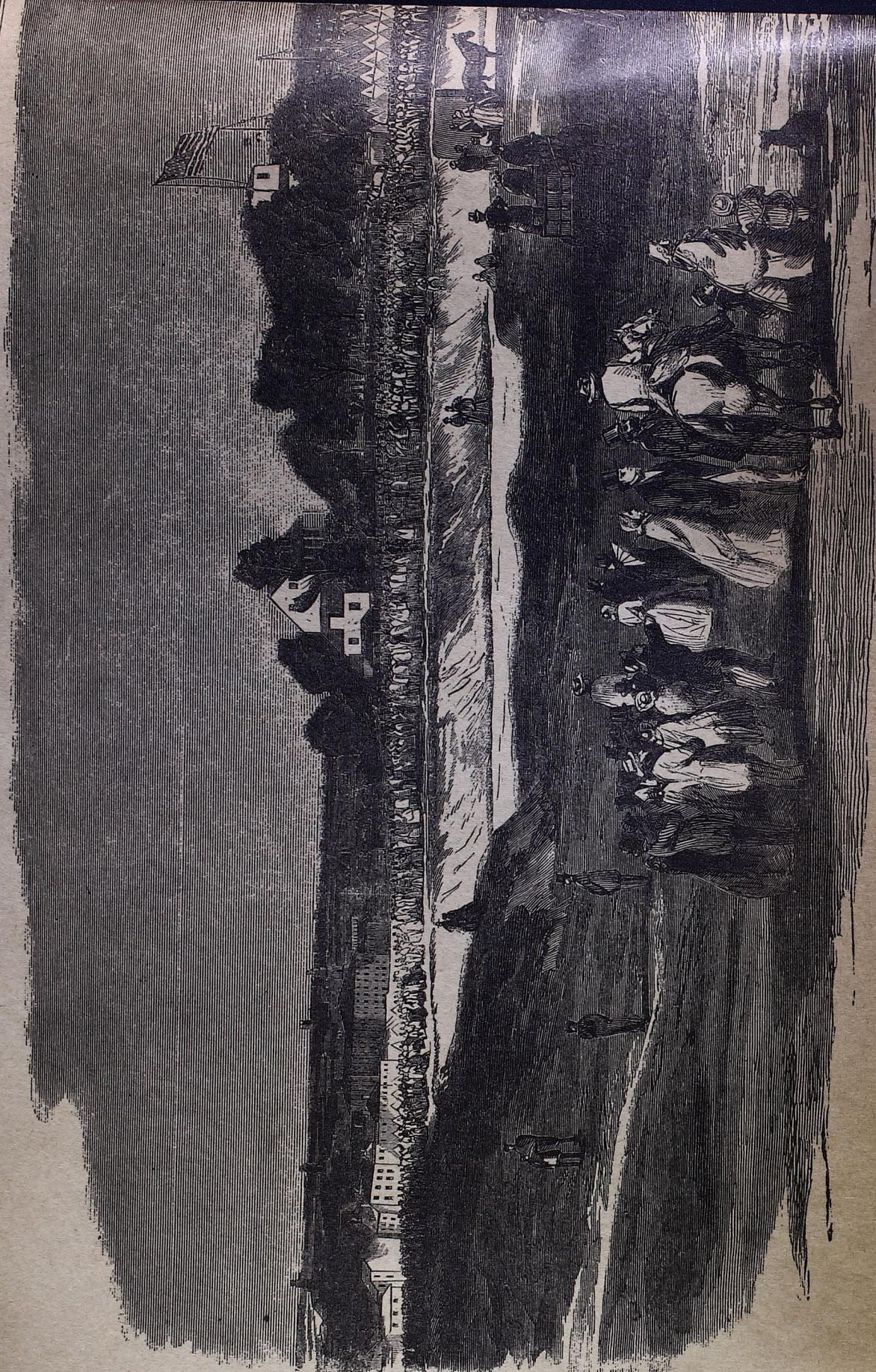
etc.

W. H. RUSSELL, ESQ., LL.D.  
MR. RUSSELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES," COM. TATNALL, MAJOR SMITH, AND MR. WARD INSPECTING THE 10-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT PULASKI.  
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

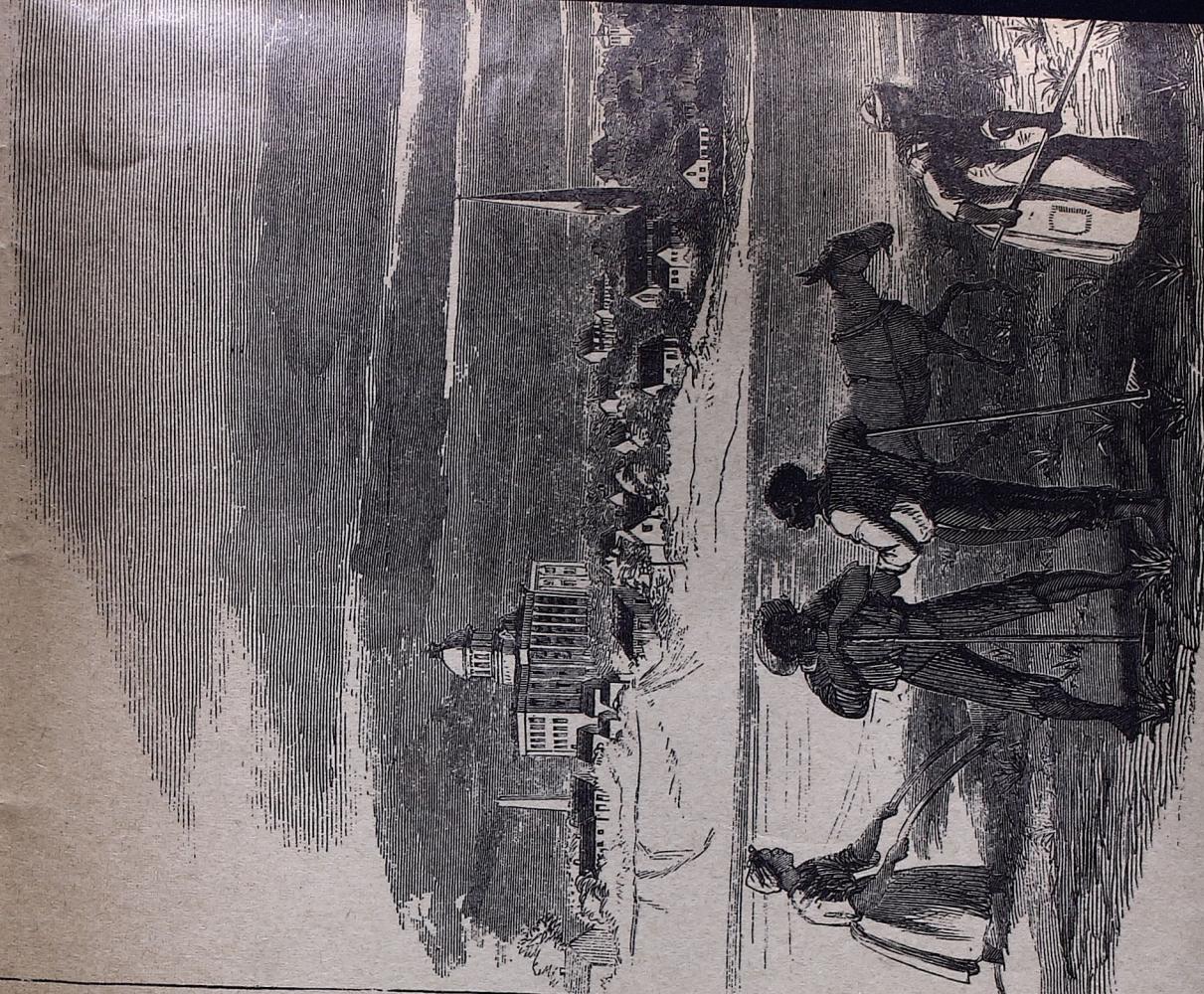




THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER



THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT \$5000 A YEAR.



CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



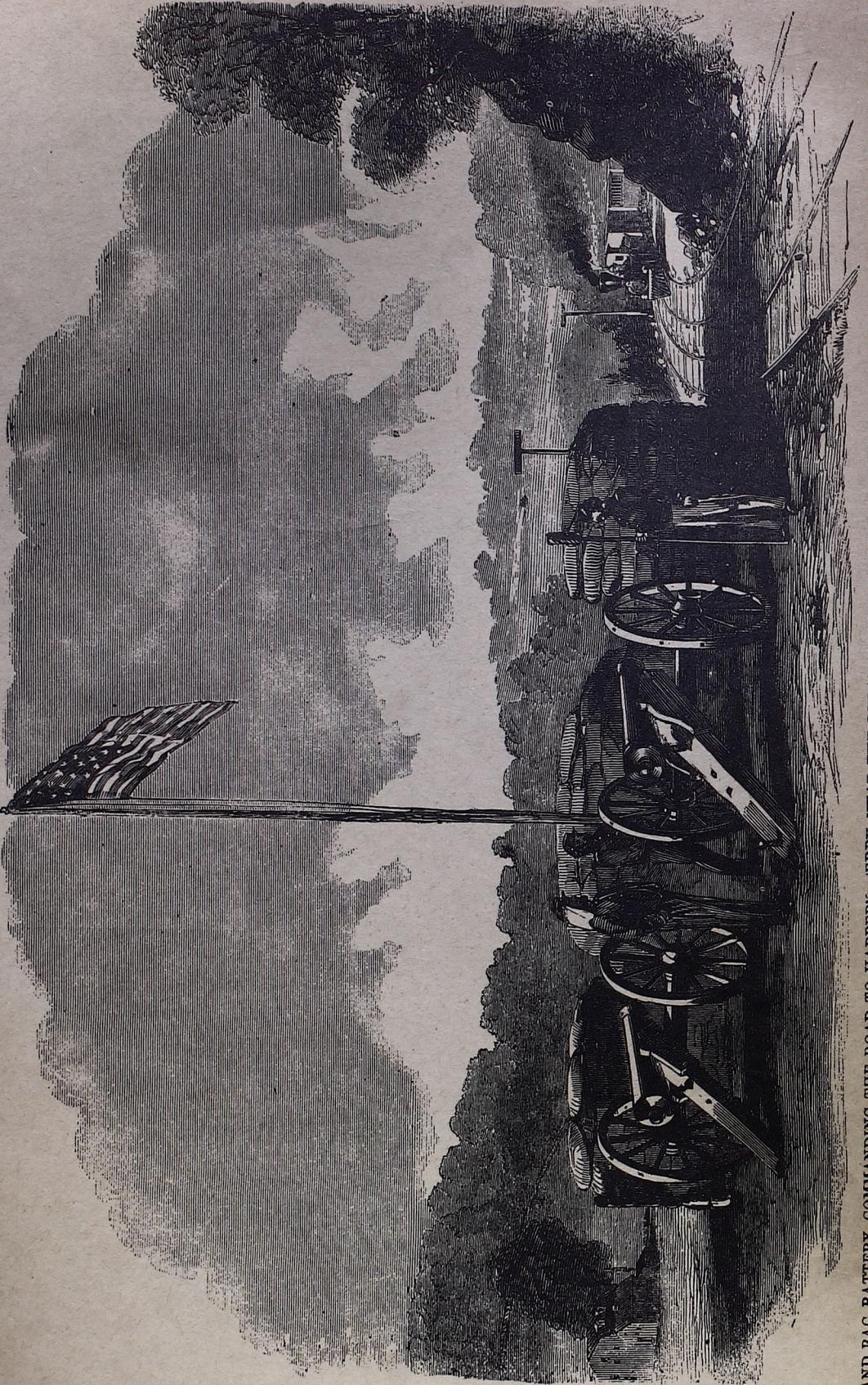
ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



LAST TRAVELING WITH W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.—[SEE PAGE 341.]



DRUMMING UP RECRUTS FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.



SAND-BAG BATTERY, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RELAY HOUSE—BUILT BY LIEUTENANT W. H. MCGARTNEY, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY.

[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

RELAY-HOUSE BATTERIES.

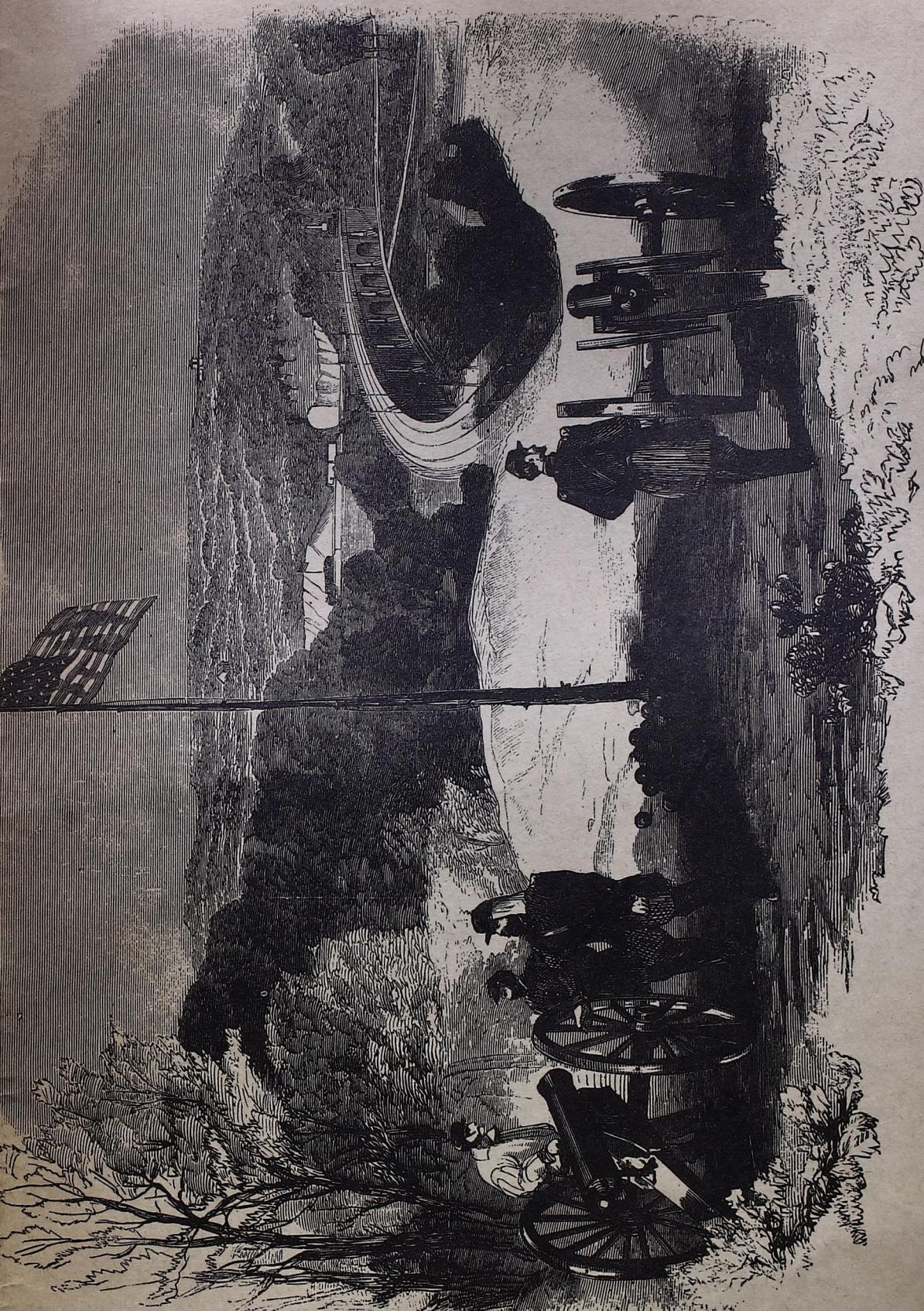
We publish herewith, from sketches by our special artist, pictures of the batteries erected on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad by the United States volunteers.

BATTERIES ERECTED ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BY THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. The occupation of

These fortifications were erected, and are manned

by the Massachusetts volunteer artillery—a gallant

and useful body of men.



THE BOUQUET BATTERY, COMMANDING THE BRIDGE AT THE RELAY HOUSE, LIEUTENANT JOSIAH PORTER, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.

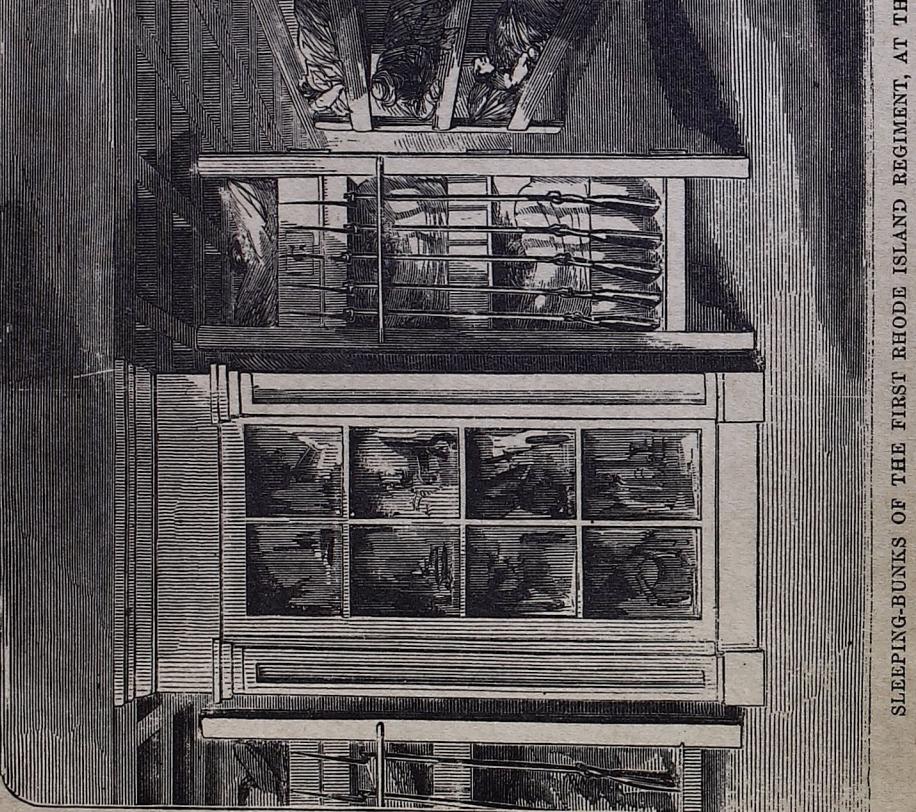
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

## OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

We publish on this page two more illustrations of our army at Washington—one representing the gallant Rhode Islanders "bunking" in the Patent Office, the other the quarters of the Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment in the Georgetown College. Never since American inventive genius was first aroused did the Patent Office contain such remarkable models of American manufacture as those which now sleep three deep in "bunks" spread along the edge of the cabinets; and to those students of mechanism who have been wont to resort to the Patent Office to work out unfinished problems and botch great inventions, the presence of the sturdy Rhode Islanders, and the stacks of eloquent muskets present a novel and a startling scene.

With regard to the Sixty-ninth the Washington Republican says:

"We paid a visit to this regiment, who are quartered in Georgetown College, yesterday, and found the men all busy in the various duties pertaining to military life. They are all in fine spirits and seem to enjoy the soldier's life amazingly, although many of them are getting impatient, and wish to be off to some fighting region. The grounds exhibit quite a busy scene, the men in companies and squads learning the use of their arms. Several companies were also in the distant portion of the grounds engaged in target firing, and exercising in loading and firing. The targets were generally brought in completely riddled, and the firing by company was executed with the greatest precision. Several officers of the army, lately gradu-



SLEEPING-BUNKS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT, AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.

[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

ated from West Point, are constantly employed in instructing the men in the use of their arms, which they are beginning to handle like regulars. The hours of drill are 9 A.M. and 2 P.M. for company, and at 4 o'clock the regimental review takes place. The officers of the Catholic Church near the college have placed it at the disposal of the regiment, and the chaplain, the Rev. Father Mooney, officiates before the regiment every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood speak in the highest terms of the conduct

of the men, and Colonel Corcoran may well be proud of the good name the regiment has earned. The New York Times correspondent writes of the 69th: "The parade of the 69th to-day was very fine. The regiment was very full, over one thousand men being in the ranks. Colonel Corcoran exercised his men in battalion drill, bayonet charges in double quick time, in hollow square, etc. Toward the close the music of a band was heard, and the gates being opened, the 5th Massachusetts Regiment marched in and saluted the

68th. After the usual courtesies the Massachusetts and New York regiments were brought into line on opposite sides of the square, and they cheered each other most lustily. It was an exciting scene to see the Puritan New Englanders and Catholic Irishmen thus fraternizing.

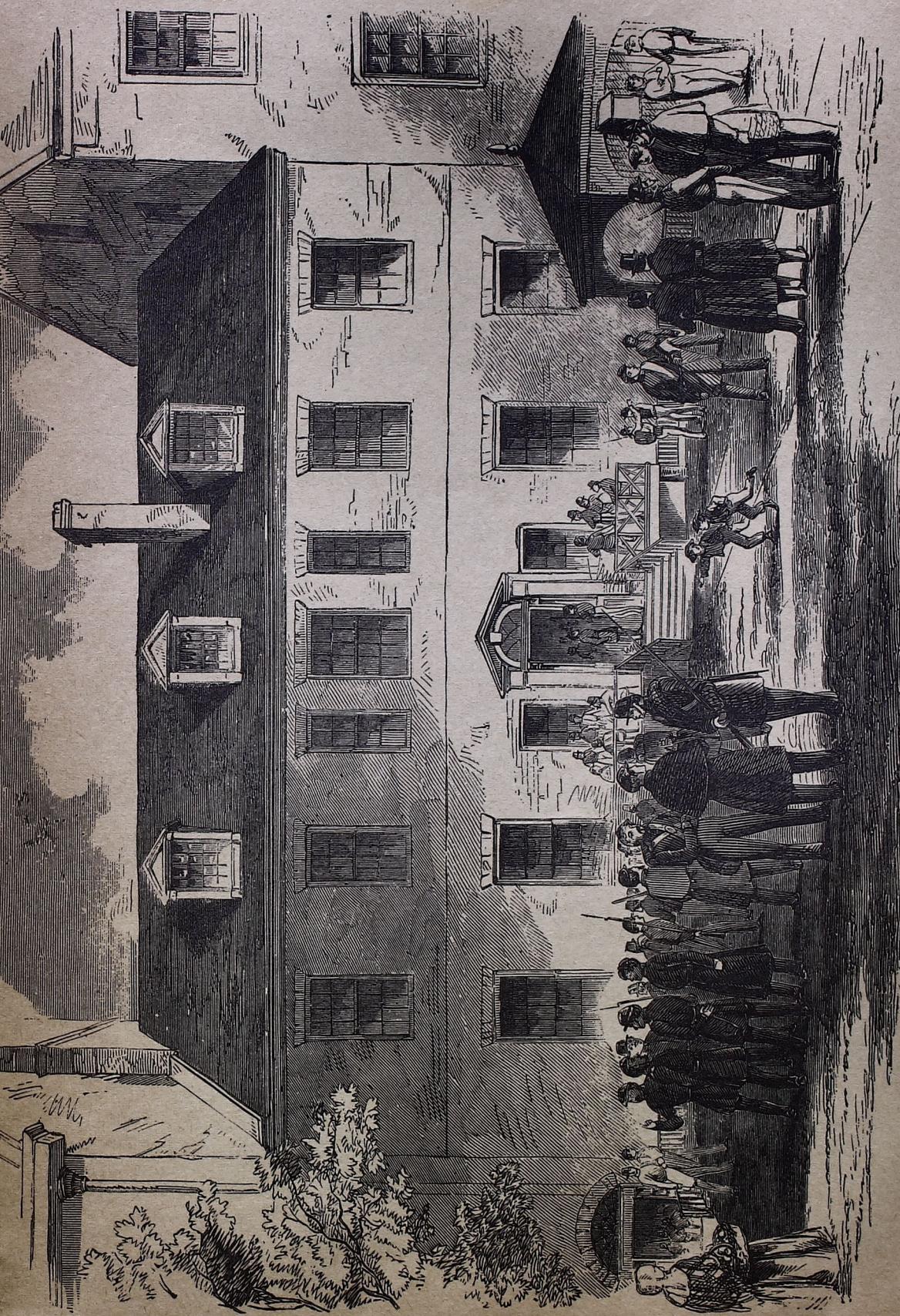
After the drill the officers of the two regiments had a friendly glass of wine and a most cordial reunion.

"General Runyon and staff, of the New Jersey Brigade, also visited the 68th, and partook of the hospitalities of Colonel Corcoran and Father Mooney, General Runyon, in response to a sentinel offered by Father Mooney, made an eloquent and patriotic address.

"It is a noticeable fact that the first interview of military courtesy was between Colonel Vosburgh, of the American 71st, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Irish 69th. The common danger appears to have made native and foreigners common friends."

The same writer speaks of the Rhode Islanders:

"The Rhode Island Regiment is quartered at the Patent Office. They had service in the large hall of the Patent Office building yesterday at 10 o'clock. The drums beat to muster the men and while the majestic band which accompanies this regiment made its enchanting music the men, silently and with measured tread, formed on each side of the wide marble column, near a temporary desk which was to serve as a pulpit. The officers stood near, unoccupied, among them Governor Sprague, a young man about 30 years, with a pale, delicate, but firm face. It was a silent scene, as closed my eyes for a moment and listened to the grand massed sound of that large building, and the men in the large hall. The sermon, by the Rev. Mr. W. Conroy, of Rhode Island, was appropriate and very able."



QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



## OUR ARMY AT ALBANY.

The accompanying illustrations will introduce the reader to the ALBANY ARMORY, the head-quarters of our State army in that section of the State. Here, since the President's proclamation, large bodies of men have been constantly engaged in close drill, and here the Military Board concentrates its efforts in endeavoring to fit them out. Our second picture represents the drumming out of two soldiers who refused to take the oath. They were stripped of their arms, a white feather stuck over each ear, and they were marched out of the Armory grounds with the drums playing the Rogue's March. Crowds of people assembled to see them undergo the degrading penance.

## TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.  
"Tis five years ago, I was playing  
At pool, as he doubted me in,  
I remember Fred Lushington saying,  
"Yes, nice little girl, but no fun."  
"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading  
To catch me!" He stroked his mustache,  
"I'd have asked you to dance at my wedding,"  
But I beat a retreat in quick march."  
"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurting,  
But the thing began apace and to grow;  
If I did pass the limit of trifling,  
It was dovr in the country,"

"So," said Frederick, "fearing extraction  
Of what this all meant by papa,  
I fled, leaving no ground for an action."

And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

## THE ARMORY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

II.  
Poor innocent fool! she is reading  
What he wrote in her album that day,  
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,  
Inscribed: "To the bright eyes of May."  
She sighs; the light low is burning;  
She walks to the window; no moon;  
All statless the dark night is burning;  
In silence, the point of its noon.  
Hark! listen I in sobs of wild passion,  
Go forth on the blackness her cry;  
Like rain drops, they heavily flash on  
The stream of the hour flowing by.  
Her dark hair all flowing around her,  
Her face hidden in her white hands,  
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her  
Dawn, winterly lighting the lands.

III.  
Did she die? Not all; she has married  
Since then Sir Atheon de Vere,  
And the thirst of that sorrow has parried  
With a foot and ten thousand a year.  
I met her, as lovely as ever,  
"Tis what bring all this back. Yesterday,  
Fred was there, looking out for the Trevo,  
He bowed, as he passed on his bay.  
And though in the Row that's called Rotten,  
Such feelings, of course, have no place,  
I thought she had not quite forgotten,  
By the flesh, as she mord, on her face,  
Lang Syne and the sketchings together,  
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,  
Whence off, in the rich autumn weather,  
They wander'd away to the sheaves.



DRUMMING OUT ALBANY VOLUNTEERS WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THE OATH.—[FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPON.]

## THE FIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS.

We mentioned in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* that a second encounter had taken place between the troops and the mob at St. Louis. We now publish two illustrations of the event, from sketches by Mr. M. Hastings, of St. Louis. The tragedy was thus described by a spectator:

"About six o'clock (on 11th) a large body of Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street the troop turned westward, a large crowd lining the pavement to witness their progress.

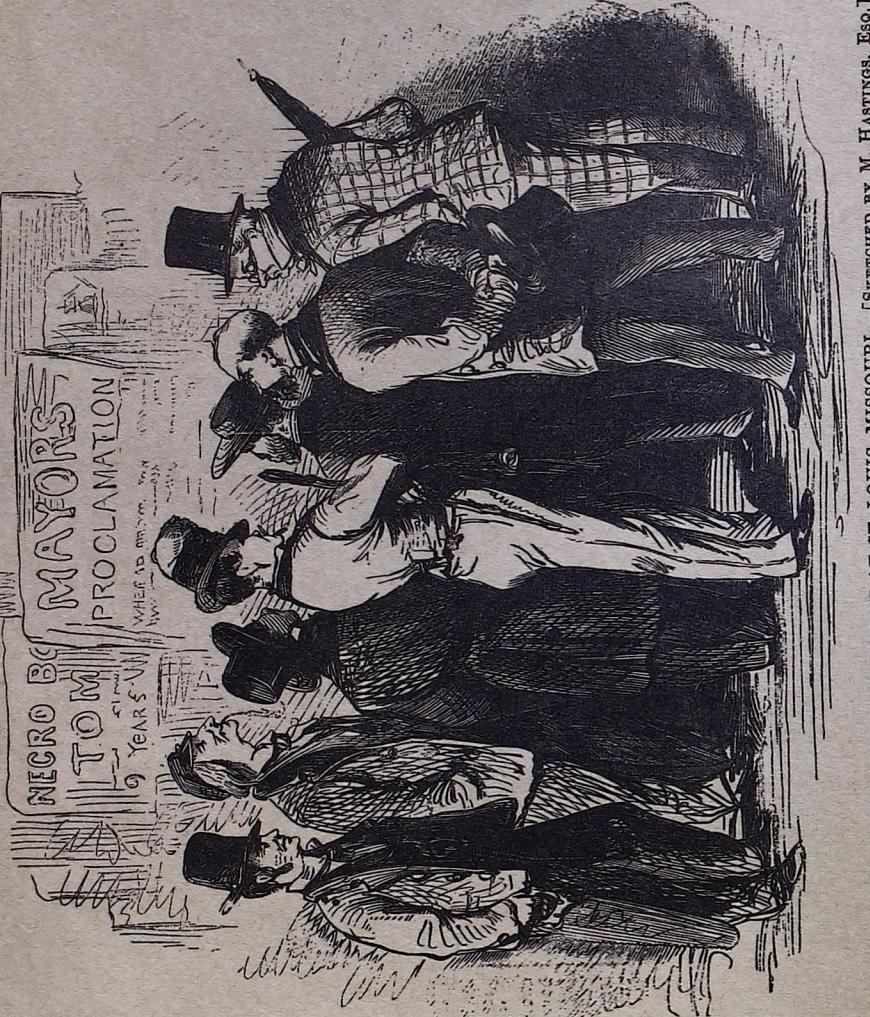
At the corner of Fifth Street parties among the spectators began shooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies as they passed, and a boy about fourteen years old discharged a pistol into their ranks. Part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd, and the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking their ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks. The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, and bullets flying in every direction, entering the doors and windows of private residences, breaking shutters, and smashing bricks in the third story.

"The utmost consternation and consternation prevailed, spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops scores of people must have been killed. As most of the firing was directed down their own ranks the troops suffered most severely, four of their number being instantly killed and several wounded.

"Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence. The most intense indignation was expressed against the Germans. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd and induced them to disperse under the promise that no further violence should be done. The city was comparatively quiet during the evening and night, a heavy rain preventing the assembling of large crowds."

The following account of the affair is from the *St. Louis Republican* of May 12: "Another act in the terrible drama of blood that opened so fearfully on Friday, was enacted last evening, and six more victims were added to the already sad list of dead. Two scenes of blood so close together, and so frightful in their results, have seldom, before plunged a city into mourning. At about half past five o'clock

## NEGRO BEING MAYORS PROCLAMATION



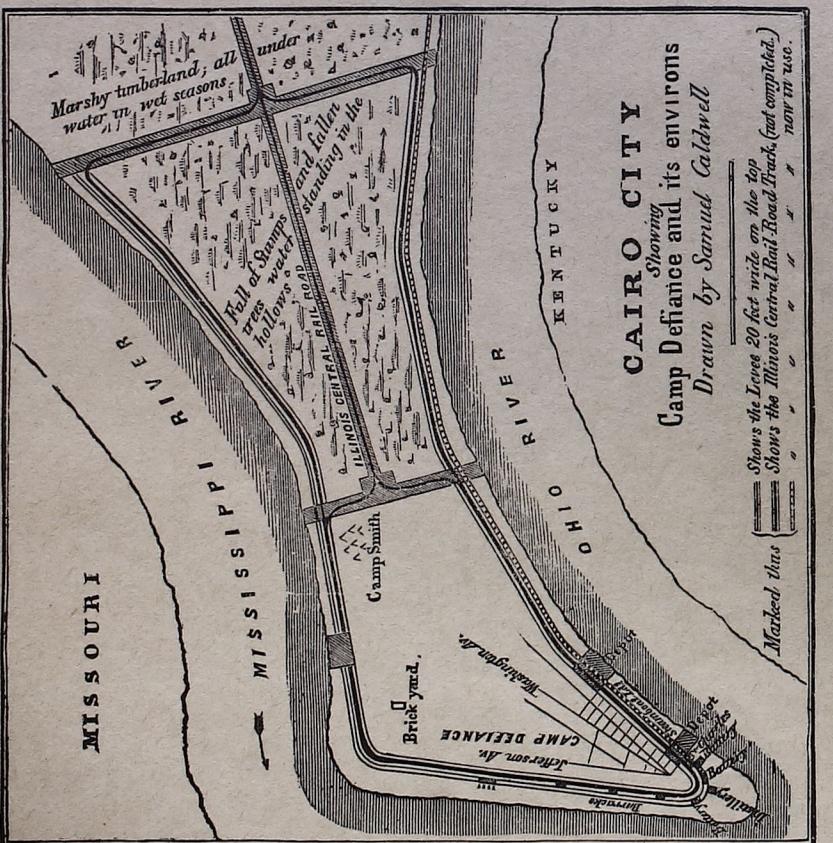
[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]

off was sad indeed. Six men lay dead at different points, and several were wounded and shrieking with pain upon the pavements. The dead carts—which have become familiar vehicles since the scenes of the last two days—were soon engaged in removing the corpses from the ground. The wounded were carried to the Health Office. Four of the men killed were members of the regiment, and two were citizens. Last night the former had not been recognized. Jerry Switzel, an engineer on the river, was passing by the door of Mr. H. Glover's residence, on Seventh Street, next to Walnut, when a ball struck him in the head, and scattered his brains over the door and walls. A pool of blood marked the spot where he fell, after his body had been removed. Jeremiah Godfrey, a hired man of Mr. Cozzens, County Surveyor, was working in the yard of Mr. Cozzens at the time of the occurrence. While stooping over, in the act of fastening some flowers to a frame, three soldiers entered the gate, and approaching within the yard, fired three shots into his body. Fortunately, none of them were fatal, being all flesh wounds. The family witnessed the affair, and says that the man had not been out of the yard and was unaware of the approach of his assailants until struck down by their bullets. Charles H. Woodward, a clerk in Pomeroy & Benton's store, was shot in the shoulder, and will have to have his entire arm amputated. He was carried into the residence of Mr. Mathews and kindly cared for. James F. Welsh, living at No. 189 Wash Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was shot through the foot. Michael Davy, residing between O'Fallon and Cass Avenue and Sixth and Seventh, received a ball through the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. John Neius was wounded in the cheek. Several others were injured slightly. The houses on the right side of Walnut, from Fifth to Seventh, were considerably injured by bullets, and the inmates in several cases had very narrow escapes. At a late hour in the night the bodies of John Gabini, whose brother keeps a livery-stable on Market Street, William Cody, a book-peddler, from New Orleans, and John Dick, a German soldier, were recognized among the dead. Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the whole city presented a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Mayor Taylor made an address to the people from the steps of the church on Fifth and Walnut streets."

[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS ATTACKED BY THE MOB, CORNER OF FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]



### THE CAMP AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

The accompanying plan of the Camp of the United States Volunteers at Cairo, Illinois, at the Junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, will enable our readers to realize the change which has lately taken place in that well-known spot. Two camps have been established near the junction of the rivers—Camp Defiance, near the river bank; and Camp Smith, a short distance further north.

A correspondent writes us concerning Camp Defiance:

The Camp is now in an unfinished condition. Improvements are, however, rapidly going on, and in the course of a week or a fortnight, good and comfortable accommodations for a large number of families and their dependents will be provided. The Lovers, on the Mississippi side, are twenty miles up the river. All boats are stopped and a strict search made, and all articles destined for the Confederacy are condemned and taken away. There are four regiments of Illinois volunteers, with about thirty or forty pieces of artillery. Sixty-four pandurs arrived this A.M. Colonel R. M. Prentiss was yesterday elected Brigadier-General, and is already in command of the camp.

We think that, with the present force, this point can be held against all that can be thrown against it. A secessionist has been arrested, and is now in the guardhouse. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung.

*Cape Girardeau, Mo., May 10, 1861.*

### GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLellan.

### CHAPTER XLII.

WHY should I pause to ask how much of my shrinking from Provis might be traced to Estella? Why should I loiter on my road, to compare the state of mind in which I had tried to rid myself of the stain of the prison before meeting her at the coach-office, with the state of mind in which I now reflected on the abyss between Estella in her pride and beauty, and the returned transport whom I harbored?

The road would be none the smoother for it; the end would be none the better for it; he would not be helped, nor I exasperated.

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative; on, rather, his narrative had given form and purpose to the fear that was already there. If Compey were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence. That Compey stood in mortal fear of him, neither of the two could know much better than I; and that any such man as that had been described to be would hesitate to release himself for good from a dreaded enemy, by the safe means of becoming an informer, was scarcely to be imagined.

Never had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word of Estella to Provis. But I said to Herbert that, before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Fawsham. This was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day, and I went.

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell me that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me; when was she coming back? There was an air of reservation in the answer which increased my perplexity, and the answer was that her maid believed she was only coming back at all for a little while. I could make nothing of this except that it was meant that I should make no thing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

Another night-consultation with Herbert after Provis was gone home (I always took him home, and always looked well about me), led us to the conclusion that nothing should be said about going abroad until I came back from Miss Havisham's. In the mean time, Herbert and I were to consider separately what it would be best to say—whether we should devise any pretense of being afraid that he was under suspicious observation; or whether I, who had never yet been abroad, should propose an expedition. We both knew that I had, but to propose any thing, and he would consent. We agreed that his remaining many days in his present hazard was not to be thought of.

Next day I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any treachery toward Joe or his name. Provis was to be strictly careful with his name. In the mean time, Herbert was to take the charge of him that I had taken. I was to be absent only one night, and, on my return, the gratification of his impatience for my starting as a gentleman on a greater scale was to be begun. It occurred to me then, and as I afterward found to Herbert also, that he might be best got away across the water on that pretense—as, to make purchases, or the like.

Having thus cleared the way for my expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was twenty-four hours after the place I menaced.

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

"Very good, Sir."

Then Drummie glanced at me, with an insistent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me that I felt inclined to take him in my arms as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady, and seat him on the fire.

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was, that until relief came neither of us would relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, with our hands behind us, not budging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on table, Drummie was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin. I nodded, we both stoked.

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummie.

"No," said I. "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummie. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

"Mr. Drummie," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion, I don't throw glasses.)

After glancing at him once or twice in an increased state of snarling ferocity, I said: "Mr. Drummie, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummie, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you Sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I am quite so, Sir."

When the waiter had felt my fast-cooling teapot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummie, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three thriving farmers—horses' man, and mounting in his blundering brute manner, and stolid and barking away. I thought he was gone when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-colored

"Waiter," said Drummie, by way of answering me.

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"I am sure it is not," said he, superciliously, over his shoulder; "I don't think any thing about it."

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of conversation in future."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummie, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you Sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I am quite so, Sir."

"Waiter," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public houses—and smithies—and that.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummie?"

"Yes, Sir," said he, "not particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public houses—and smithies—and that.

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, Sir."

"I say. Look here, you Sir. The lady won't ride to-day; the weather won't do."

"Very good, Sir."

"All done, all gone!"



the President has promoted Brigadier-General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, to be henceforth a Major-General of the United States army. This is also history. "All hail to Butler!" General Butler, at the hour we write, has just left Washington for Fortress Monroe, where he is to command 15,000 men against Virginia.

### THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

All along the weary miles,  
Down through the dark defiles,  
Through the woods of pine and larch,  
Under midnight's solemn arch,  
Came the heavy, sounding march  
Of the Seventh!

Scouts out on either flank,  
Searching close through dyke and bank,  
Sweeping with their restless eyes  
Every hollow, cut, and rise,  
Guarding from the foe's surprise  
All the Seventh!

Every pine-tree's jagged limb  
In the black night looked grim;  
And each dense thicket's shade  
Seemed to hold an ambuscade;  
Yet no soldier was afraid.

In the Seventh!

"Halt! Rest!" along the line;  
Down every man supine  
In the wet gravel lay,  
Hanging with delight the clay,  
Longing for the light of day

On the Seventh!

Though the dark night was serene,  
Never foeman's form was seen;  
Though like flies they buzzed around,  
Hunting every shady ground,  
Fleeting at the slightest sound

From the Seventh!

So we marched till night was gone  
And the heavens were blessed with dawn;  
But History, with immortal hand,  
Must yet record how firm and grand  
Was that march through Maryland

Of the Seventh!

CAMP CAMERON, May 9, 1861.

### HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

East Tennessee, May 16, 1861.

WE have received the following letter from

East Tennessee:

THE CHARACTER OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*.

East Tennessee, May 16, 1861.

Allow me a few observations, intended to contribute to the public mind upon the subject of the impending war.

My wife! A war must be waged. It is inevitable. The unity of the Government must be maintained at every hazard. It is difficult to be upheld. Men must be taught—the whole American people must learn—that it is a fearful thing to rob a free Government—that the laws must be absolutely obeyed. They must learn that, while such an institution is a sovereign, it is also a subject. He is a sovereign who has no laws, and his prerogatives are perfect; but he is a subject to obey those laws, and his subjection must be absolute. And it is strange men can not see that the moment they cease to be obedient subjects to their own lawgiver, those who to be so not respected? But still above them all—those who are not allowed to ride above them, the Government sees, by means of principles as it begins?

We most sincerely hope our correspondent is right when he speaks of the Union strength in the Southern States. But it must be confessed that the North has suffered many disappointments on this head. A month before Georgia seceded, she was reported to be sound for the Union. Less than sixty days before Tennessee went out she was stated to have given over 20,000 votes majority against secession; now, Knoxville, the loyal city *par excellence*, feeds and houses secession troops on their way to Richmond. Virginia was relied on as safe till the very hour she seceded. When such men as John Bell, W. C. Rivers, and Henry W. Hilliard are in the ranks of the enemy, on whom can the South place their trust?

If the Union men at the South had made one single fight—if in some single county, town, village, or plantation, even a score of men, brave as Southerners are, had drawn trigger or unheathed sword, in defense of the old flag, it would have been easier than it is at present to have relied upon the co-operation of Southern Unionists in the suppression of this most lamentable rebellion.

Still, for all this, we are convinced—and we rejoice in the conviction—that the Government commences its work with the intention of protecting property of all kinds, and of liberating from a military despotism those Union-loving citizens of the South who have been so easily overpowered by the rebels. To what extent, or in what way, events may modify this policy, our correspondent is as well able to speculate as we are.

### ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Mr. W. H. Russell, Correspondent of the London *Times*, publishes the following card in the *Mobile Register*:

MONROVIA, May 13, 1861.

To the Editor of the *Mobile Register*:

Sir,—My attention has been called to a statement in *Hether's Weekly*, couched in the following words:

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South in reference to that statement I have to observe that my companions are true viz., Mr. Ward, a personal friend who is kind enough, act as my attendant traveling, comrade, and has no other object or terror with any journal in the United or Confederate States."

Mr. DAVIS, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News* and who says not that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, although he formerly sent sketches to that periodical.

My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on a mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve.

I have only to say, in addition to this post, I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant, W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

Barrister at Law.

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Your faithful servant, W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

Barrister at Law.

R. W. ROSSELL.

London, May 13, 1861.

The *Mobile Register*:

MONROVIA, May 13, 1861.

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dress appeared with what was wanted—I could not have said from where; whether from the inn yard, or the street, or where not—and as Drummel leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed, with a jerk of his head toward the coffee-room windows, the sloshing shoulders and rugged hair of this man, whose back was toward me, reminded me of Orilick.

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were for or not, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

In the room where the dressing-table stood and where the wax-candles burned on the wall, "blows you here, I tip?" said Miss Havisham, as she looked steadily at me I saw that she was rather confused. Estella pausing for a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I rend in the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked toward me again—at the dressing-table which I had often seen her turn on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

"What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you, even if I desired it, to do want something." Miss Havisham, if it is a part of the secret which is another person's and not mine."

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching it for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the slowly wasting candles to be a long time, she raised her eyes to my face on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work. She looked at me with an unmoved countenance.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I don't want to be betrayed. Why I fail in my ability to finish it I can not explain."

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself first, vacantly and then with a gradually concentrating attention. All this time Estella knighted me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor."

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday to speak to Estella, and finding that some wind had blown her here, I followed."

"And what wind?" said Miss Havisham, as they worked that she attended to what I said, but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, any thing. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham; when I belonged to the village over yonder that I wish I had never left; I suppose I did really come here as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

"And that Mr. Jaggers?"

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with me, and to torture me through all these years he, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I have found out who my patron is. It is not my secret, but another's."

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far. "But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained, at least you led me on?"

said I.

"Yes," she turned, again nodding steadily, "I let you go."

"Was that Kit?"

"Who am I," said Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flushing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?"

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding after this outburst.

"Well, well, well!" she said. "What else?"

"I was liberally paid; or my old attendance here," said I, to soothe her, "in being apprised, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. Who follows has another (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In honoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished—practiced on—perhaps you will supply whatever term expresses "your invention" without offense—your self-seeking relations?"

"I did," said she. "Why, they would have it so! So would you. What has been my history, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them or you not to have it so? You made your own share. I never made them."

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flushed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on.

If I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly under my delusion as I myself. And I should be false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you

clerked wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbet if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of any thing designing or mean."

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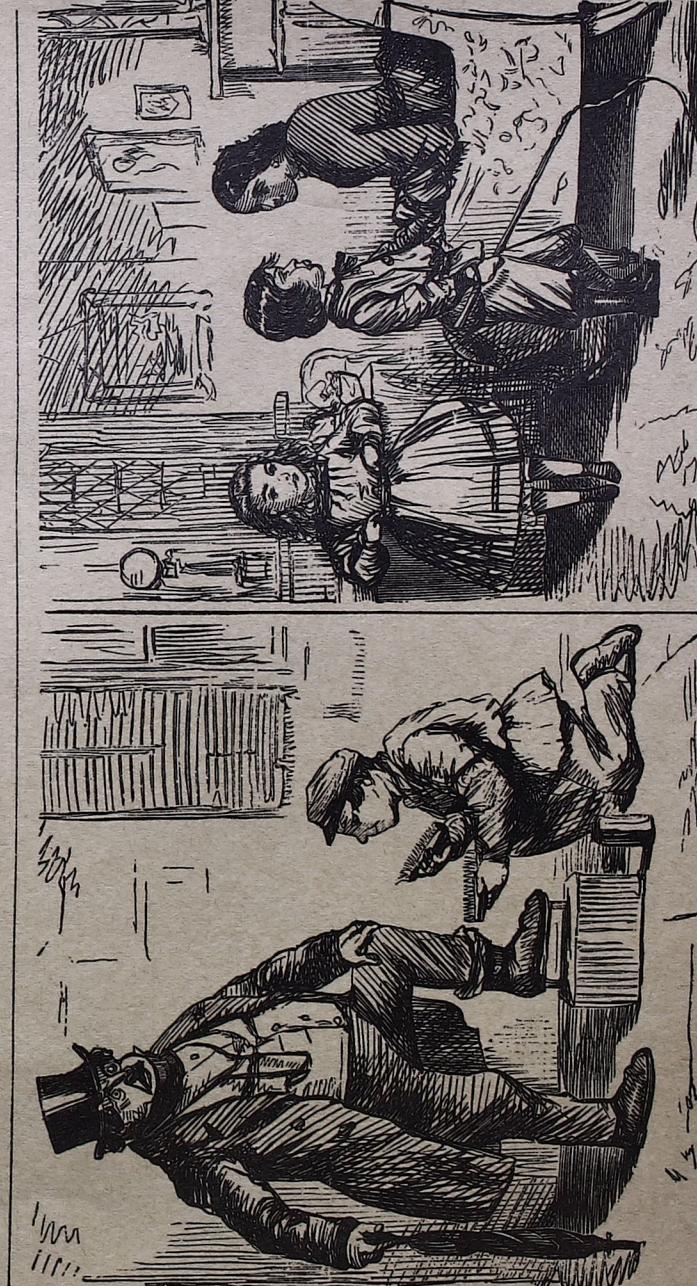
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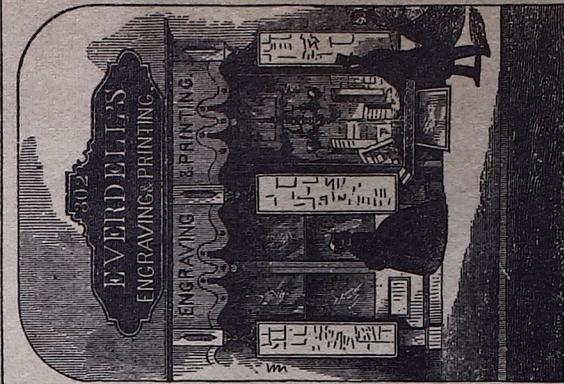
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